PC

"For the NEW Era in Comics"

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No. 1

Somerset Holmes

BRUCE JONES & BRENT ANDERSON

PLUS!

CLIFF HANGER

BY AL WILLIAMSON

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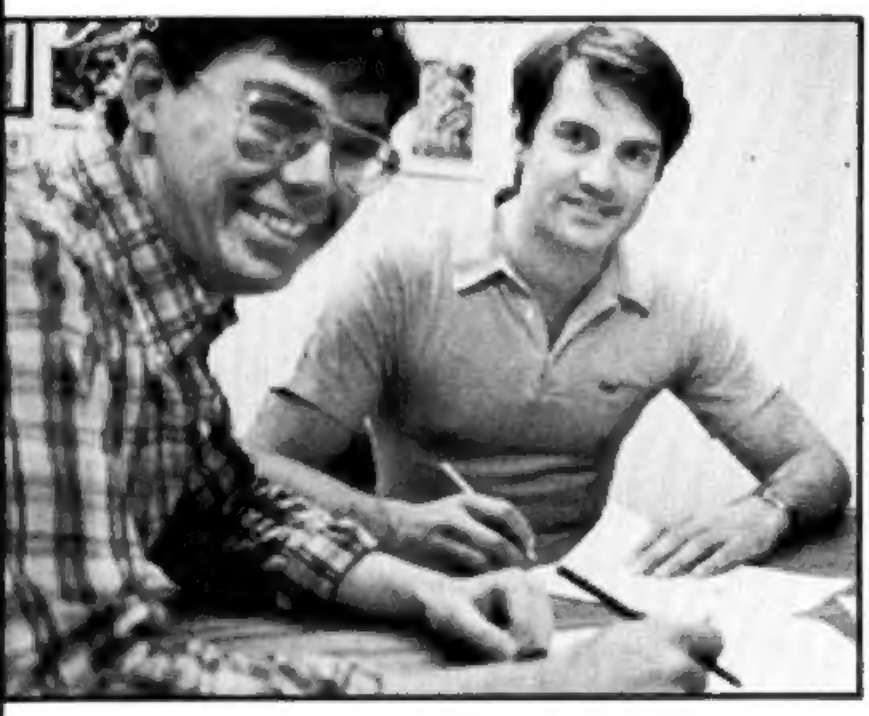
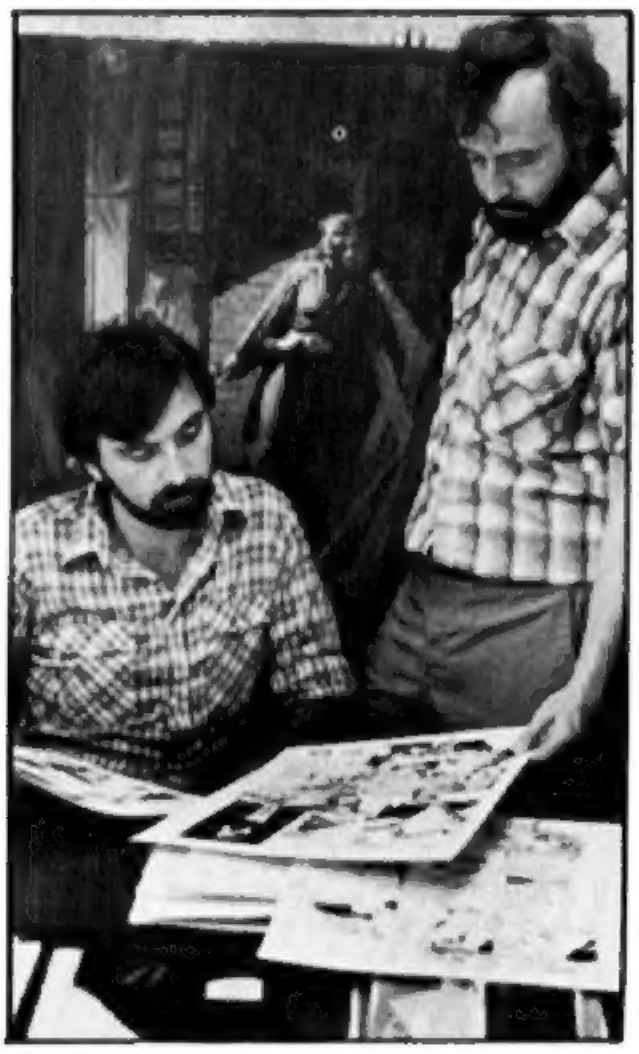
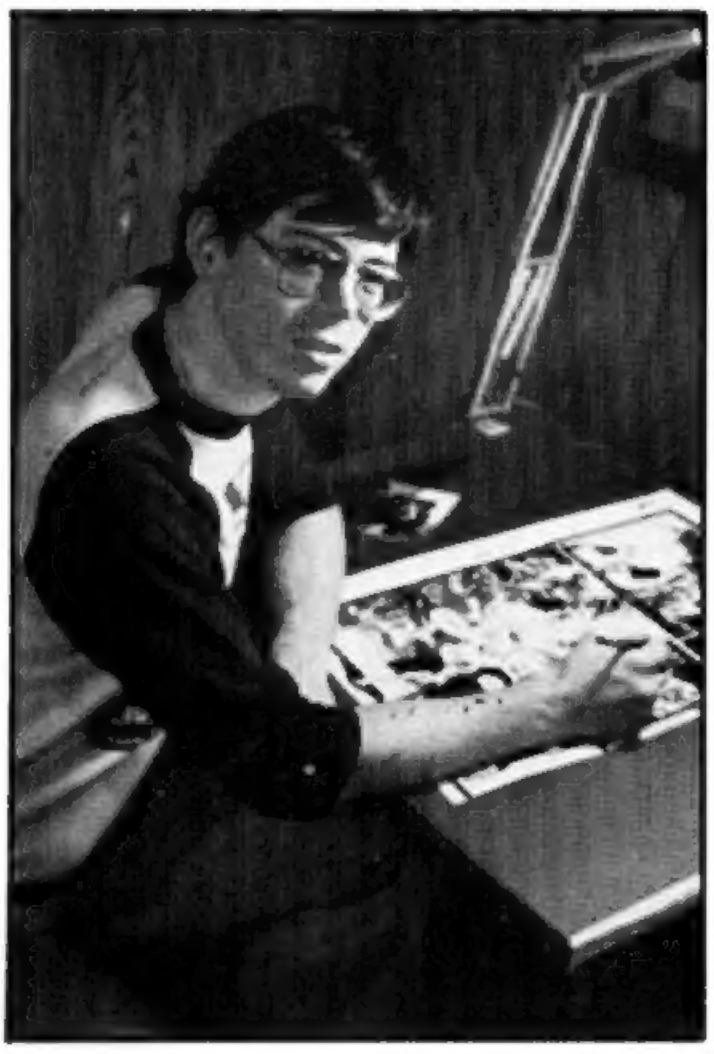
Putting It All Together

a behind-the-scenes visit with america's premier independent comic company and our hot new baby



It all begins at the Pacific Comics publishing offices in sunny San Diego (above), where Art Director Steve Schanes, President Bill Schanes, and Packager Bruce Jones meet to discuss the new project. Soon after, artist Brent Anderson (above left) is signed and the deal is on! Editor April Campbell (left) poses apprehensively for Anderson's camera: Somerset *lives!* As the first pages roll in, Bill and Steve (below left) check the progress. Inspired by Somerset's real-life counterpart, Anderson (below middle) pours on steam. Editor/co-plotter Campbell, meanwhile, prays wistfully for a longer deadline.





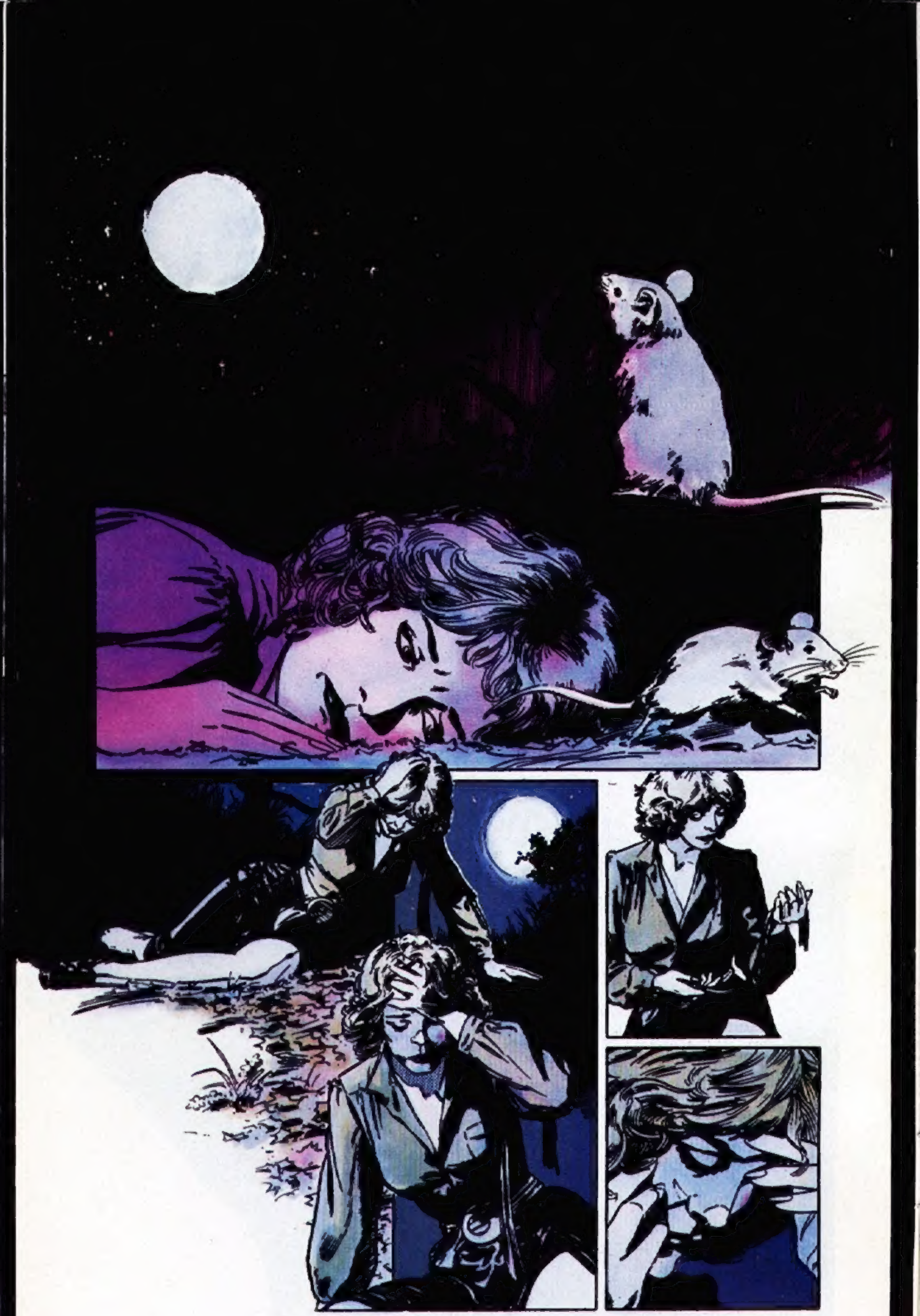
LETTERED BY
ED KING

EDITED & CO-PLOTTED BY
APRIL CAMPBELL

Drawn Colored Co-Plotted by
BRENT ANDERSON

Somerset Holmes

WRITTEN BY
BRUCE JONES



CLICK
*
CLAK
*

Dr. Jacob Hinkle M.D.

Family

A-ARE YOU THE DOCTOR?..

MY GOODNESS-- LOOK AT YOU...

CAR ACCIDENT?

I-I'M NOT SURE... I...

EASY, NOW. JUST TAKE IT SLOW...

COME INTO THE EXAMINING ROOM AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOU...

DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY BROKEN BONES...

YOU STRIP DOWN TO YOUR UNDER-THINGS AND HAND ME THAT DRESS THROUGH THE DOOR.

I'LL BRUSH THE MUD OFF OF IT FOR YOU AND MAKE US SOME COFFEE...

DON'T FRET, YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE!

YOU'LL FIND AN ADMISSION FORM ON THE CLIPBOARD. JUST FILL IT OUT AND WAIT.

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

Name

Addres

UNIVERSITAS McGILL

DOCTOR HINKLE?...

WEREN'T YOU GOING TO LOOK AT ME?

DOCTOR...?

AGH!

RIIIING!

RIIIING!

RIIIING!

...YES?...

DID YOU GET IT?

...WHAT?...

DID YOU GET IT? IS HE DEAD? HOW'D IT GO?

...I...

SAY, WHO IS THIS?

CHING!

EE-AGGH!

...N...N...

...N-NICK-ELS...

HELLO? HELLO?

OPERATOR...

OPERATOR, GIVE ME THE POLICE! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

ONE MOMENT, PA-LEEZE...

ELMSVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT, SERGEANT ROSS SPEAKING.

THERE'S BEEN A MURDER! A MAN'S BEEN KILLED!

YOUR NAME, PLEASE?

I--THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT! YOU'VE GOT TO SEND SOMEONE IMMEDIATELY!

YOUR ADDRESS?

--ADDRESS? I-I DON'T KNOW...

WE NEED AN ADDRESS, MA'AM...

YES, I... COULD YOU HOLD ON, I'LL GO LOOK AN--

HELLO? HELLO? LADY, YOU STILL THERE?

-- SO I SAYS TO THIS GUY, "SHE MAY BE YOUR SISTER, BUDDY, BUT SHE STILL LOOKS LIKE A PIG!" HAR-HAR!

HA-HA! YER TOO MUCH, FREDDIE!

PLEASE... IS THERE A PHONE?

IN BACK.

I.. I NEED TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY CALL AND I HAVENT ANY MONEY.. IF YOU COULD SPARE A DIME, I...

YOU LOOK KINDA MESSED UP, LADY... WHERE YOU FROM?

PLEASE, I...I JUST NEED A DIME...

YEAH? WELL, I'D JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHO I'M LENDING MY MONEY TO TOOTS, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

...I... PLEASE...

WANNA DIME, SWEET BUNS? HERE YA GO!---

...BUT YA GOTTA EARN IT!

DON'T! JUST... DON'T!

WHEN YER READY TO PAY THAT BACK, THE NAME IS JUKES, FREDDIE JUKES... I'LL BE WAITIN'...

--THAT'S RIGHT, THE OLDE BRIDGE GRILLE, SERGEANT..I'M THE SAME WOMAN WHO CALLED BEFORE.

...OLDE BRIDGE GRILLE...

AND PLEASE *HURRY!* I THINK MY LIFE IS IN DANGER! I'M ALL *ALONE!* *PLEASE!*

Wimmen

CR EK

W-WHO *ARE* YOU?..

CRE AK

LOMPCLOMPCLO

CLOMP CL

MGHH!

OKAY, BABY, YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT...

JUST COOPERATE AN'--

HEY!!

KEESH!

NNNGH!

AAGHH!

THUNK

TRUMP
FIRST PULL UP
THEN DOWN
TEAR OFF
SKRAAK
THUD

. BREAK YOUR (GASP) FACE! ...BREAK YOUR GODDAM--

GHHN-- (CHOKE!)

UH!

BRUNCH!

HUSH

...H-HOW... HOW DID I DO THAT?

CREEEEEEEEEAK

THERE SHE IS!

CRIPES! WHAT'S SHE DONE TO HARVEY?

POLICE, MA'AM. WOULD YOU COME WITH ME PLEASE?

LADY, WAIT!

STOP HER!

KA-WHOOM

WHA--? SOMETHING STUCK IN MY BELT...

A KEY...

RIDE, MISS?

...I ... YES... THANK YOU...

GOING ALL THE WAY TO FAIRVALE--THAT OKAY WITH YOU?

YES... FINE...

DR. HINKLE?..

Patient's Re

Name

Address

Please answer the foll

ave you or a member o
uses or dizziness?

you ever have blackou
f memory?

Any allergies?
If so, what kind?

Are you epileptic?

Are you presently takin
medicines or other

Have yo

--NAME'S CLINTON, JOSH CLINTON.

GOT MY FORTY ACRES DOWN IN FAIRVALE. YOU GOT A HANDLE, MISS?

HUH?.. OH...UH... YES...

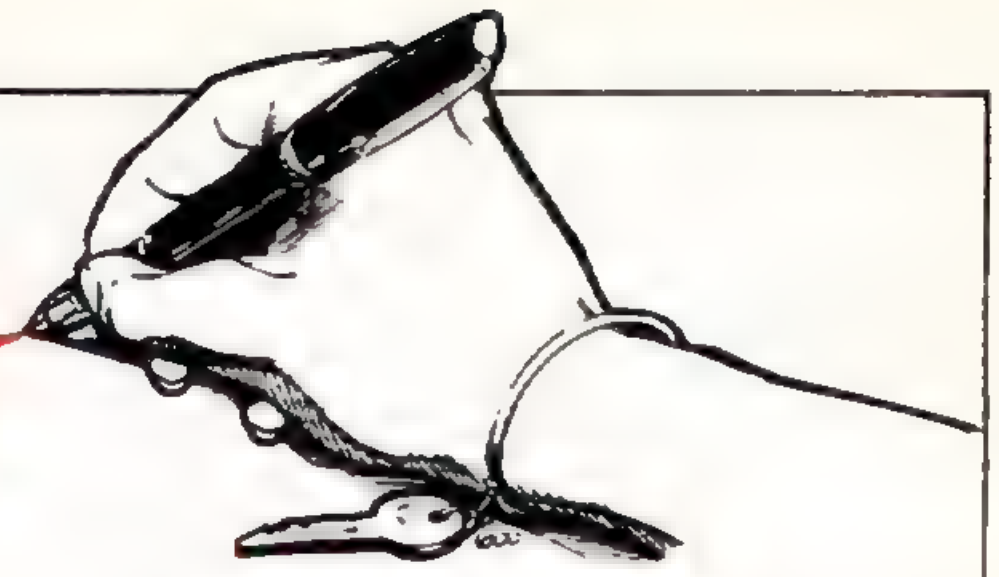
UH...SOMERSET'S MY NAME...

SOMERSET HOLMES...

Somerset Homes

BETTER LIVING FOR A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Sincerely, Somerset



"*I've got a better idea!*" In the last four years of working with Bruce Jones on both comic book and non-comic book related material, this is a phrase with which I've become all too familiar. It usually comes when we are plotting something together, and I have launched enthusiastically into a description of a subtle yet intricate twist which will add depth and excitement to our story/script/novel and/or screenplay, all the while not noticing the peculiar glint in Bruce's eyes, and the impatient smile on his lips as he waits for me to finish with my characteristic flourish, before he fixes me with that knowing look and bluntly states, "I've got a better idea!"

And, damnit, he almost always does! As a writer, sometimes it's frustrating to work with someone who can always take your idea one step further, but as an editor, I can truthfully say that it's a joy and a privilege.

Last winter I, as co-editor of *Twisted Tales* and *Alien Worlds* (a little known fact, but absolutely true) was trying to round up talent for an upcoming issue and happened to call Brent Anderson, hoping that he'd draw a story for us. We had worked with Brent on *Ka-zar the Savage*, and it had been an ideal mating. Here was an artist who knew as much about storytelling as he did about perspective, and had a cinematic eye to boot. Suddenly *I* had a better idea! Why not re-team Bruce and Brent on a new and unusual concept, where both could do what they do best: come up with better ideas? The timing was right. Brent was just finishing his work on the *X-Men Graphic Novel* and Bruce, the sole writer for the anthology books *Twisted Tales* and *Alien Worlds*, was getting enough ahead in his writing chores to think about starting a new project. At Christmas time we converged in San Diego in the offices of Pacific Comics.

"Let's do something really *different!*" cried Bruce. (That's another phrase that haunts me from the Ka-zar days). Brent's eyes lit up. "Yeah!" Sparks flew, as did ideas, each one better than the one before. The movies we had grown up on were our inspiration. A little Hitchcock, a little Polanski, but mostly Bruce Jones and Brent Anderson. *Somerset Holmes* was born.

"Would you pose for me, April?" asked Brent suavely. "I can't affort a *real* model." How could I refuse such a flattering invitation? Thus my identity has become somewhat blurred with that of our heroine: I find myself signing my letters to Brent, "Sincerely, Somerset" . . .

Somerset Holmes is a unique heroine: we needed a back-up feature which reflected the cinematic approach of the lead. Bruce's good friend and associate, Al Williamson, had done the lead story for our first issue of *Alien Worlds*, and we had been hoping to work with him on a steadier basis. For a long time Bruce and Al had toyed with the idea of doing a series based on the thirties and forties "cliffhanger" serials they both love; now they had the perfect format. Viola! "*Cliff Hanger*" was a natural.

Al, of course, is one of the best loved and most respected artists in the field, and a list of his credits would leave no room for his glorious artwork. Suffice to say we are honored to have him.

I can only describe letterer Ed King and colorist Joe Chiodo as consummate professionals, as is evidenced by their work on these pages. Joe, who painted the provocative cover of *Alien Worlds #1*, was doing this particular kind of comic book coloring for laser separation for the very first time. I, for one, am impressed.

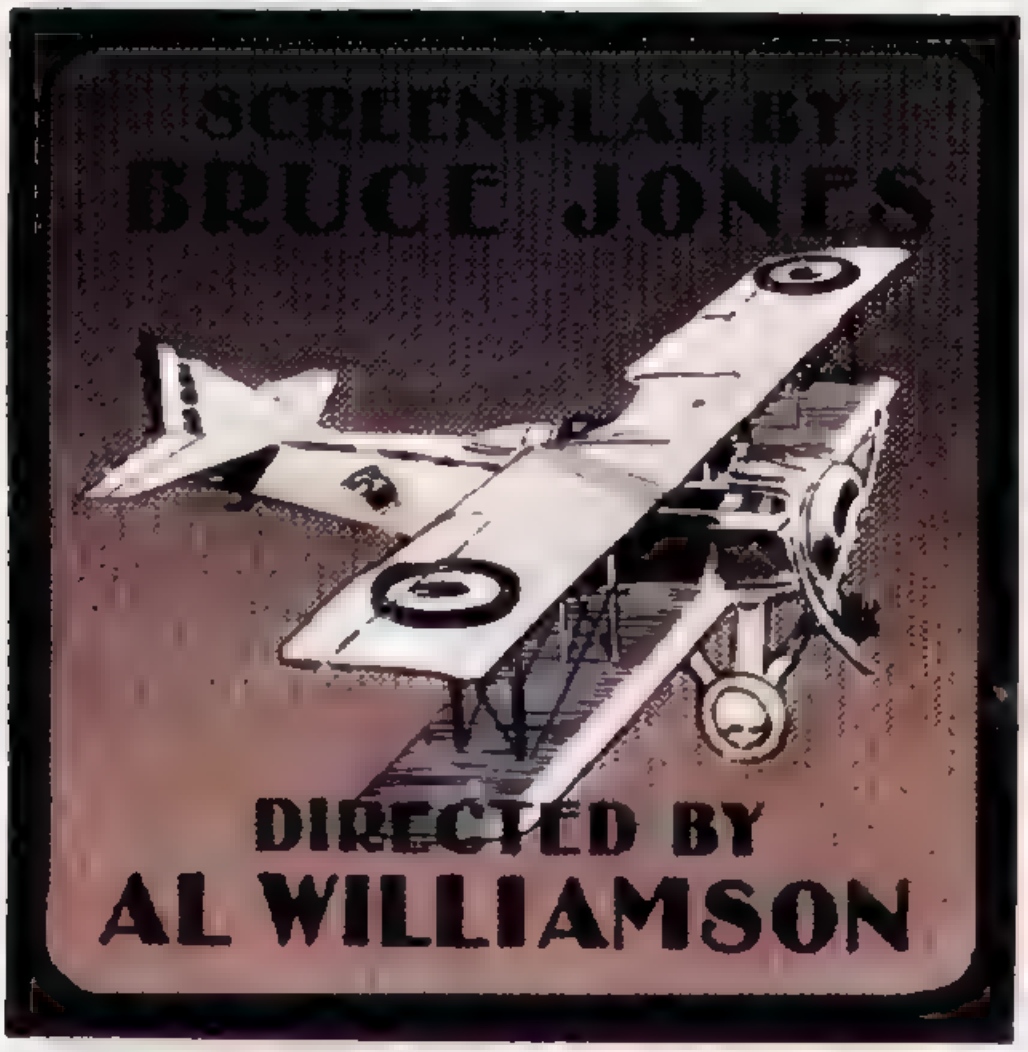
I hope you will be too, with all aspects of *Somerset Holmes*. If not, perhaps *you* have a better idea for *us*. Why not write and tell us at:

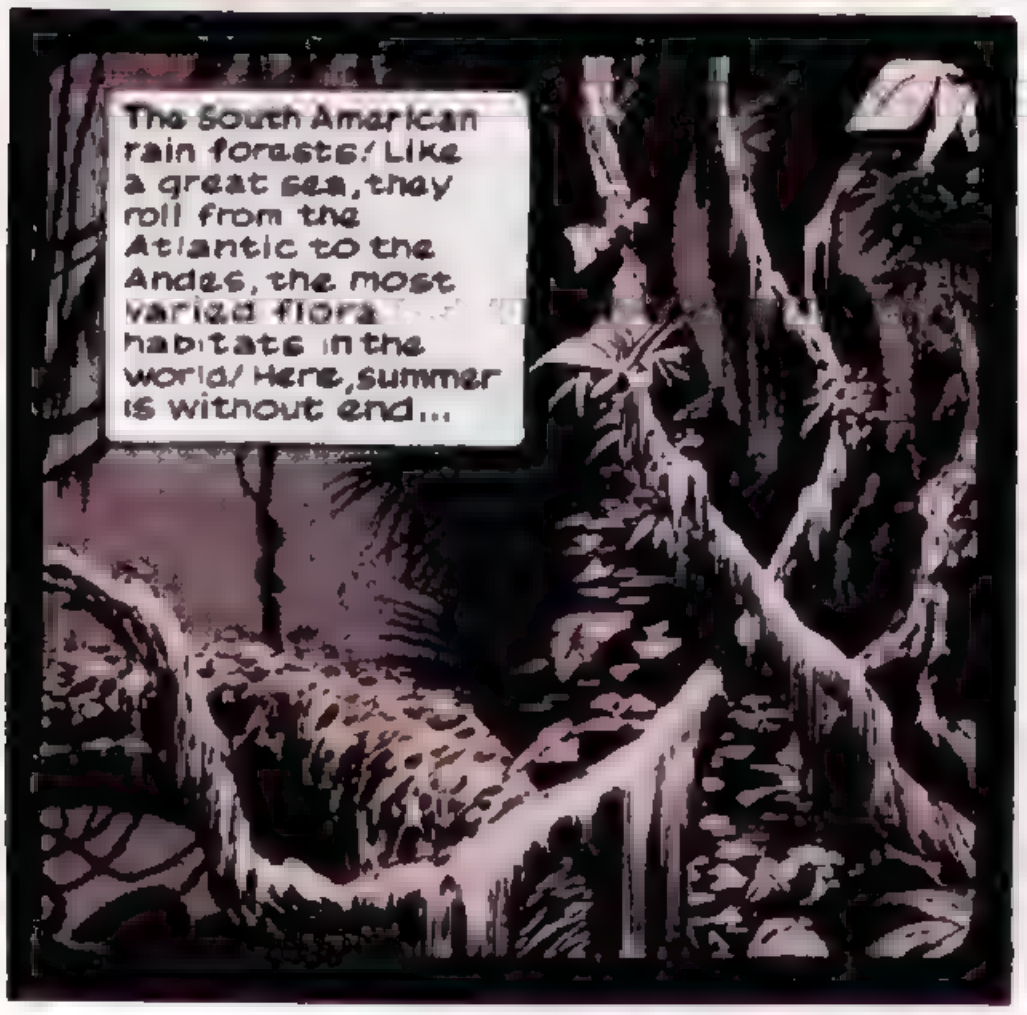
SINCERELY SOMERSET
8423 Production Avenue
San Diego, CA 92121

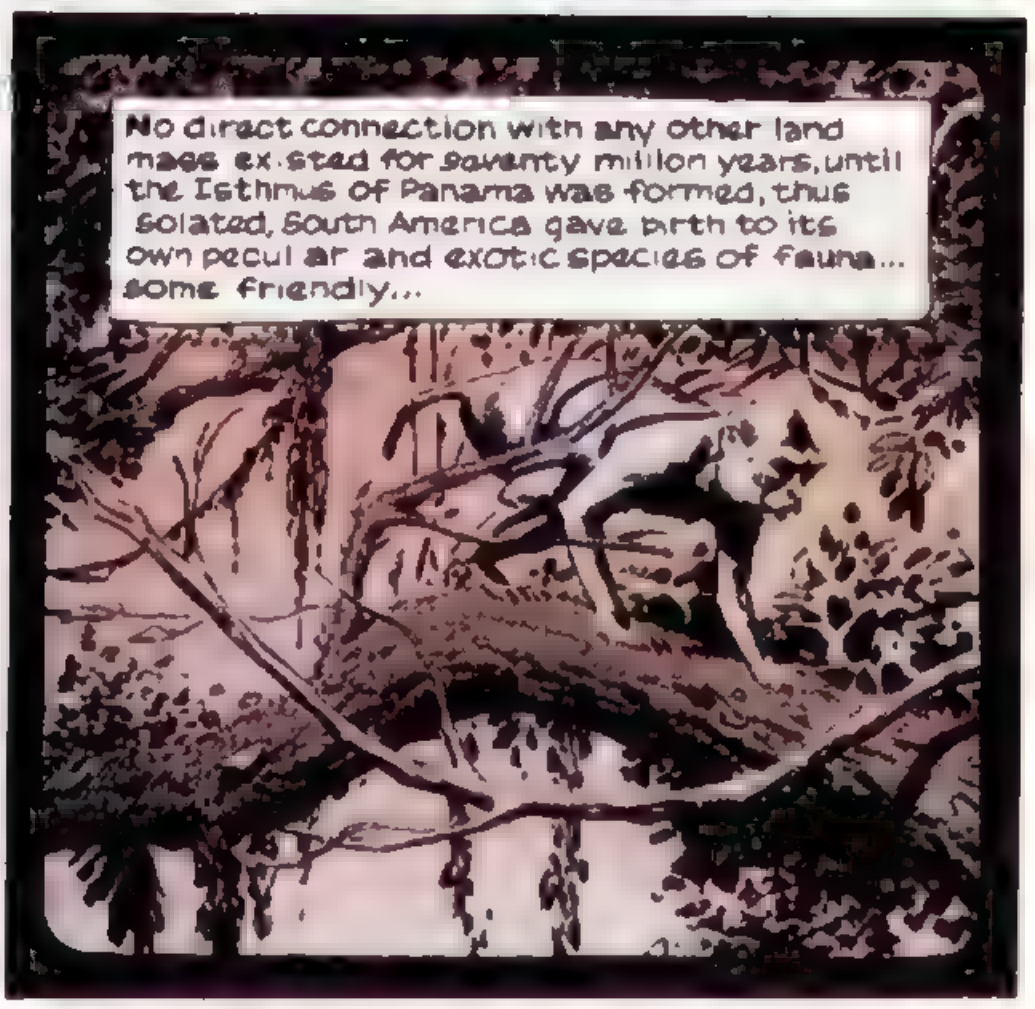
Who knows? Maybe your better idea will give *us* a better idea . . .

April Campbell
Editor

SOMERSET HOLMES, Vol. 1, No. 1, September, 1983 is published bimonthly by Pacific Comics. Bill Schanes, President Steve Schanes, Art Director, April Campbell, Editor, Paul Taberday, Production Coordinator, Jon Hartz, Kevin Montano and Ken Krueger, Circulation Managers, Tony Frutti, Production Assistant. Office of Publication: 8423 Production Avenue, San Diego, California 92121-2278, U.S.A., (619) 566-3290. Somerset Holmes™ is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the copyright holder. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine and any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. "Somerset Holmes" is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates and Brent Anderson. "Cliff Hanger" is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates and Al Williamson. Cover art ©1983 by Brent Anderson. A Bruce Jones Associates Production. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.




The South American rain forests! Like a great sea, they roll from the Atlantic to the Andes, the most varied flora habitats in the world! Here, summer is without end...


No direct connection with any other land mass existed for seventy million years, until the Isthmus of Panama was formed, thus isolated, South America gave birth to its own peculiar and exotic species of fauna... some friendly...

COLORIST: JOE CHIODO LETTERER: ED KING EDITOR: APRIL CAMPBELL

...some less so...

Latin America's bird life is the richest and most distinctive in the world! Toucans, cotingas, jacamars, seriema. Some, like the hummingbird, are quite small and delicate...

...some, like the flightless rheas, are HUGE...

...and some, are bigger still...

BAYRIDGE ONE, THIS IS JILL MASTERSON, DO YOU COPY? MY ENGINE IS ACTING UP AND I'M LOSING ALTITUDE!...

I'M ABOUT TEN MILES SOUTH OF THE *XAVANTINA RIVER* AT *MATO GRASSO*. I'M FALLING *FAST* AND THERE ISN'T *TWO INCHES* BETWEEN TREES AROUND HERE! DO YOU *COPY?*

...UH-OH... I THINK WE JUST BOUGHT THE FARM!

ZZOZO

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! WILL SOMEBODY OUT THERE ANSWER!

ZZOZ.

JILL MASTERSON! YOU'VE MADE BETTER LANDINGS THAN *THIS* ONE!

DADDY'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS...

LET'S SEE... TIERRA DEL FUEGO IS SOUTH, I KNOW THAT MUCH... I WAS HEADING TOWARD THE XINGO, WHICH JOINS THE MOUTH OF THE AMAZON!

--ALL OF WHICH PUTS ME EXACTLY IN THE MIDDLE OF *NOWHERE!*

WELL, MAY AS WELL START--

--WALKING! AGH!

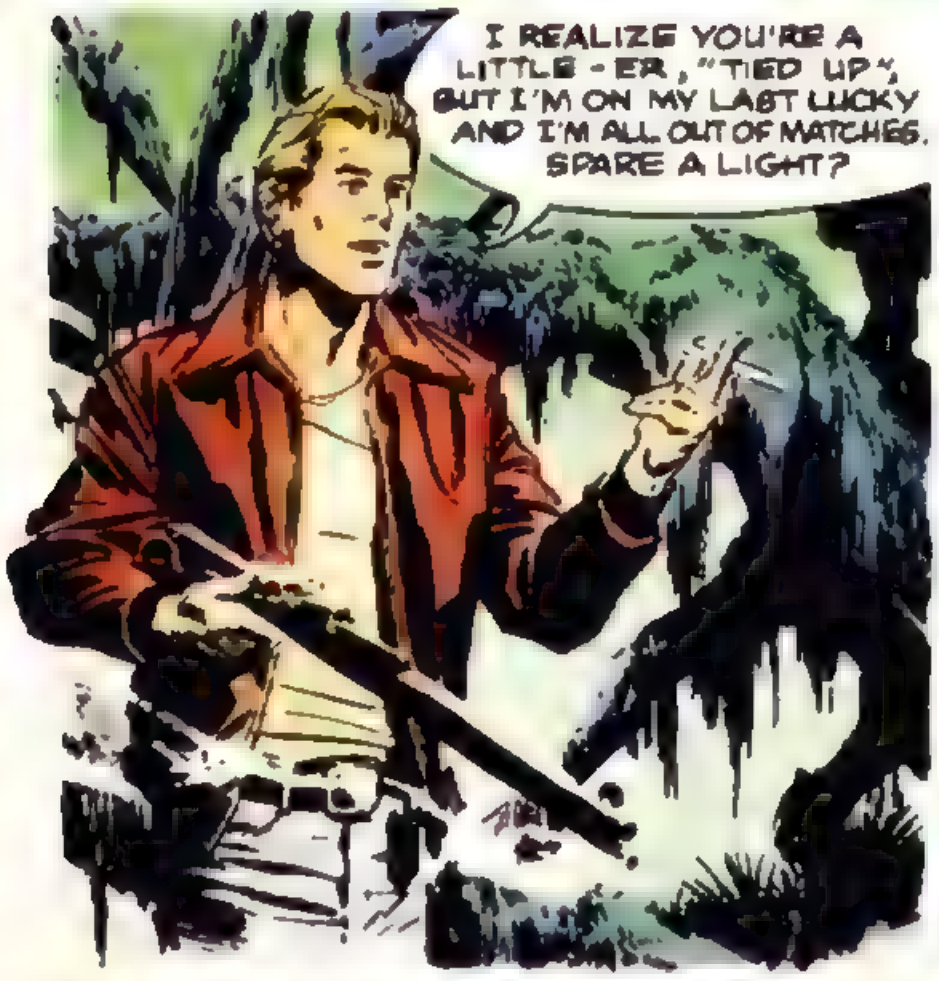
GREAT! TERRIFIC! WONDERFUL! JUST WHAT I NEEDED! WELL, COME ON, SOUTH AMERICA, BRING ON THE CROCODILES!

YIIIIKE!

WAIT A SECOND!

HOLD IT!

NOO!!


I REALIZE YOU'RE A LITTLE - ER, "TIED UP", BUT I'M ON MY LAST LUCKY AND I'M ALL OUT OF MATCHES. SPARE A LIGHT?

I KNOW, TERRIFIC SHOT, WASN'T IT? RIGHT THROUGH THE LEFT EYE. I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN BOTH EYES, BUT THE GROUND IS KINDA UNEVEN AROUND HERE...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
HOW 'BOUT IT, YOU GOT A FLAME?

OF ALL THE PIG-HEADED, ASININE, CONCEITED, TYPICALLY MALE THINGS TO DO!
S'MATTER, DON'T YOU SMOKE?

YOU COULD HAVE BLOWN MY HEAD OFF!

ME? NOT A CHANCE. I'M CLIFF HANGER: EXPERT MARKSMAN, EXPERT PILOT, EXPERT--
NOW IT'S DEAD! YOU KILLED IT! A PERFECTLY HEALTHY SPECIMEN OF SUNECTES MURINUS!

WELL GEE, I'M SORRY! MAYBE WE CAN WRAP ITS "PERFECTLY HEALTHY" CARCASS AROUND YOUR BODY AND YOU CAN PRETEND YOU'RE BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH FOR AWHILE!

I HAVE MY OWN GUN YOU IDIOT! I COULD'VE--

DID YOU SAY "PILOT"?

EXPERT PILOT, EXPERT TRACKER, EXPERT--

Y-YOU HAVE A PLANE HERE?

SWEETEST LITTLE SONGBIRD THAT EVER CARRIED YOU OVER THE AMAZON BASIN...

--I CALL HER THE "HAPPY HARPIE"! LIKE IT?

...IT FITS HER. DOES SHE FLY?

NORMALLY, YES...

BUT??

LEAKY FUEL TANK.

GREAT.

HOWEVER! IF WE WERE TO SWITCH YOUR FUEL TANK WITH MY FUEL TANK...

CAN YOU DO THAT? NEVER MIND, I KNOW: EXPERT MECHANIC, RIGHT?

SMART LADY!

Hours later...

ENTOMOLOGIST, HUH?

MY FATHER IS DR. CHARLES MASTERSON, THE PULITZER PRIZE WINNER. EVER HEARD OF HIM?

NOPE.

WELL, HE'S VERY FAMOUS. SOMEDAY I'LL BE THAT FAMOUS. I'M DOING MY DOCTORATE THESIS ON INSECTIVOROUS FAUNA.

IS THIS GOING TO TAKE LONG?

ABOUT ANOTHER HALF HOUR, GIVE OR TAKE...

I SAW A SPRING BACK THERE; I'M GOING TO WASH SOME OF THIS MUD OFF, OKAY?

SUIT YOURSELF.

ALL READY!

HEY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID A HALF HOUR!

--GIVE OR TAKE. MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

YES!!

WHAT IS IT EXACTLY THAT YOU DO, MR. HANGER, ASIDE FROM THE "EXPERT" CATEGORIES?

I RUN GUNS.

YOU WHAT?

MOST GUYS CALL IT BEING A "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE", BUT, I BELIEVE IN CALLING A SPADE A SPADE. I PROVIDE WEAPONS TO THE ENEMY.

WHAT ENEMY?

WHATEVER ENEMY'S AVAILABLE. LOTS OF LITTLE WARS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD...

HOLY MOSES! RAIN!

SO?

THE PLANE! QUICK!

WHY THE PANIC?

YOU EVER TRY TO TAKE OFF ON A *MUD* RUNWAY?

YOUR ENGINE DOESN'T *SOUND* SO HOT--

FLASH FLOOD!

CLIFF!

TAKE MY HAND!

W-WHAT'S THAT ROARING NOISE? CLIFF, W-WHAT *IS* IT?

...OH MY GOD...

DON'T MISS CHAPTER TWO: **CLAWS OF DEATH!**

Getting into the part, Campbell (above left) goes through her moves for Anderson, some of which include getting a tight grip on writer Bruce Jones' script. At his Honesdale, PA, studio, "Cliff Hanger" artist Al Williamson (above right) makes a few professional suggestions to the visiting Anderson.

Williamson (above) puts a chuckle into Cliff's first chapter while letterer Ed King (right) transforms Jones' script into something legible. Williamson (below left) then takes the lettered page and begins inking, while on the opposite coast, Steve Schanes goes over Cliff's "title sequence" with Production Coordinator Paul Tallerday.

NEXT ISSUE:

Somerset finds a friend—but can she trust him to help her flee her pursuers . . . ?

"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"

Don't Miss It!

On Sale in September!